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# Forgotten By Time



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## Chapter 1 by Emily

Marcy jumps around the room, swaying her hips and humming along to the song. Kiss You by One Direction blasts from her phone and carries throughout the house. She shoves a chip in her mouth, waiting for the kettle to boil. Her humming turns to singing as she imagines herself performing the song. The kettle beeps, making Marcy jump. She pours herself a cup, dropping in a teabag and taking a sip. Sighing in contentment, Marcy leans against the counter and takes another sip. The clock flashes 12:30pm. Everyone else won't be home until 3:30pm.

Bouncing over to where her phone is, Marcy changes the song to Classic by MKTO. Careful not to spill, Marcy moves along to the music. It shakes the floor and that energy transfers to Marcy. Alone—which is something rare in itself—and free from judgment, the music is turned up even louder. Thankfully, the nearest neighbor is a seven minute walk through a field. There's no one to hear the obnoxiously loud music.

Finished her drink, Marcy turns around to find a pair of eyes watching her. She freezes, cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

"Theo!" she squeaks. "What are you doing here?"

"School was cancelled." Theo reaches around Marcy and flicks back on the kettle. She doesn't move, instead stands there in horror. "Marcy, you okay?"

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have looked like a total idiot. Than Theo just had to stroll in, failing to announce he was there, just letting Marcy further embarrass herself.

Instead of wallowing in pity and dread, Marcy maneuvers through the obstacle course of clothes, toys and other assorted junk that doesn't have a home. Marcy hoists herself up the ladder and to the top bunk, surveying the room she shares with one of the other kids. It really needs to be cleaned. Wrappers and papers and the odd empty nail polish bottle cover the floor to the point where the beige carpet can no longer be seen.

Laying down and resting her feet on the ceiling, Marcy goes to check her phone. Eva said she'd text with the latest news on the party. To Marcy's fright, she realizes that she forgot it in the kitchen when she made her speedy exit. That means she's going to have to leave the safety of her room, which also means facing Theo.

Rather than prolonging her suffering, she gathers up all the courage she can and opens her bedroom door. From her doorway she can see her damn phone sitting on the counter. She can't see Theo but she can hear the TV playing in the living room. Scorpion she thinks. What the fuck, he's watching Scorpion without her! Dude! That's just cruel. Creeping down the hall like a ninja, Marcy makes it to her phone without drawing any attention to herself. She checks to make sure she doesn't have any messages before heading back to her room. Turning around to go back the way she came, Marcy thinks she's home free; but as she turns around, Theo stands in the hallway, blocking the way to her room.

"Um... hey," Marcy says lamely. She stands up straight, tucking a piece of hair behind her ear. "I was just going back to my room." She tries to maneuver around the older boy, but Theo seems to take up the hall. Theo grabs Marcy's hand and holds it out in front of them. Theo rubs over the blackened tips of her fingers and sighs.

"How long?" he asks and Marcy answers without anymore explanation needed.

"Three months." Theo lets out a low whistle. He's not even sure how she's still walking. Marcy rips her hand away before Theo can lecture her on poor health choices. "I'm fine. The cravings just aren't there."

Theo shakes his head, but he's smiling. "I'll tell Daya to grab some on her way home."

"Theo, I'm fine," Marcy tries to insist, but Theo isn't hearing it. He's already walking away and

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born, the ones whose bodies don't know how to handle the substance, its agony. It burns and their stomach tries to reject it any way it can. Three hours. Three hours of torture they have to go through to survive.

After the pain has subsided, Marcy uses the wall to help her get to her room. She collapses on her bed, just focusing on her breathing. Her phone beeps and Marcy expects an angry text from Daya for letting herself get to this point. Instead, it's Marcy's friend Eva, finally getting back to her with the details for the party.

Tomorrow night. Brooklyn Mason's house, 9pm. Wear something sexy.

-Eva

Marcy drops her phone on her bed. This party has been the talk of the school for months. There's no way in hell she's missing the party. Letting her eyes slide close, Marcy imagines. She imagines a life different from this one. One where she's normal, able to eat normal food and have a normal family. She imagines a life where she'll be able to travel the world. Anywhere but this half-way house for people like her: without a family, hungry for blood and murderers. Because that's what they are, killing people so they can survive. A cruel game, but one that needs to be played.

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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Jaymes Young is playing. Surrounded by some of the hottest guys in school, drink in hand and the only thing Marcy can think about is the music playing.

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